

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### DAIRY HINTS.

If you have any cows that are about to "come in," and they are naturally heavy milkers, as you value their lives, do not let them run on rich pasture. Get them on to short pasture, and if they show signs of falling off in flesh, then feed laxative and cooling foods with plenty of fresh water and shade. These are the cows that fall victims to milk fever, and prevention is the only sure cure.

There has been a great deal said of late for and against clover as a silo crop. Every body recognized the fact that an immense quantity of this plant can be produced on an acre of land, and as that is the first virtue of a silo crop, they want to use clover. Those who first tried it had bad luck with it, for the reason that they did not know how to handle it, and cut and siloed it too fresh and green.

This produced a sour, strong-smelling ensilage, that was not a thing of beauty to look upon. Further experience suggested less water in the crop, and so it was cut, and then to wilt before putting in the silo, and thus by degrees the light condition was reached, until now, it is said that clover when properly treated makes one of the very best crops for the silo and quite economical, as it does not need to be run through the cutter before being put in the silo.

Some time since we raised the point that cows would not like the fodder from fields that had been too heavily manured, and instead of a refusal to eat the tall grass that grows from their droppings in the pasture, our notion being that they do not like the taste of such grass. Cows will not eat grass grown in the shade when it is long and rank, if they can find any growing out in the sunlight. This item of rank growth we found to be the lion in our path when we tried siloing milk cows, and what make is the best churn?

Should it have dashers or be free of them, should it swing or turn over, should it have a small handle or come half apart? These are questions that are asked all the time, and no one seems able to answer them. The shape of the churn is very much in the dark, and when the butter extractor gets into all the farming households there will be no need of a churn at all. According to our notion the churn should revolve, in order to wash the sides clean all the time of the accumulation of butter and thick cream above the high water mark. This half-churned cream is a loss directly in itself, and a constant menace to the good quality of the butter, for some of this immature stuff is sure to get into the granules and thence into the butter. The manhole is certainly a dangerous thing in a revolving churn, for as a rule it is not large enough to admit of thorough airing of the churn. The whole top or half the churn should come off when the churning is done, so that the air and sunshine can get into the innermost recesses.—*American Dairyman.*

### SEASONABLE HINTS.

F. A. Mortimer, in the *Poultry Monthly*, gives the following hints, which all poultry keepers would do well to observe.

Now that eggs are cheap put them up for winter; salt will keep them, also dry road dust. Try both methods.

Charcoal should be fed to all poultry, young or old. It assists wonderfully in the growth of chicks and contributes largely to their healthfulness.

Don't fret. Frets are nettles. Some men insist on putting their hands on them and then complain of being stung. "What fools we mortals be!"

Don't keep over a lot of surplus cockerels; when they weigh two pounds market them. Such birds bring more now as broilers than if kept until mid-winter.

Apply coal oil or turpentine on the roosting places occasionally in the morning. This will destroy vermin effectually, and if given time to evaporate will not whiten the felloes of your roosts.

Poultry, like all other domestic animals, will yield a profit commensurate to the care taken of them. You may feed plenty of hard corn day after day, and get very few eggs; they need plain, nutritious food in variety to keep them in good condition.

In growing food for poultry it should be borne in mind that corn, wheat and oats can always be purchased, and it is the best, therefore, to grow sorghum, broom-corn, millet and sunflowers for seed, which afford a variety, and which cannot so readily be procured in the market.

Many ask which breed is the best for the novice, and stop after putting the question. There are many established breeds that are prominent, with characteristics and qualities suited to the various requirements, so that one need only to select what he wants, and the understanding that all good qualities are not found in one breed as is the case with all domestic animals.

If your young chicks begin to droop, examine their heads for the long toe, that is the ruin of so many broods. A good remedy, and one which will always destroy the vermin is olive and kerosene oil, mixed in equal parts; it should be kept ready mixed and can be easily applied with a feather, but be careful not to put on too much, it may get into the chick's eyes and cause blindness.

## A GOOD PORTABLE HOG-PEN.

Mr. W. A. Graham, of Indiana, gives the following to the *American Agriculturist*:

A cheap, convenient hog-pen that is portable is built as follows: Take two pieces of good, durable lumber, three by nine inches each, fifteen feet in length, round off the ends in the form of a sled-runner, then lay them parallel eight feet apart, with the rounded edge on the ground. Take four scantlings and have or ten in crosswise one piece at each end and eight inches from the ends of the runners, and place the others so as to support a floor in one half of the pen. Adjust these strips so they will set about two inches below the level of the upper edge of the runners, then lay a floor of ash or oak lumber one inch thick over one half of the pen, leaving the other half a dirt floor. This, however, may be left, or, if desirable, the whole pen may have a floor. Now mortise in two-by-four scantling at each corner and midway for posts on which to nail the boards or slats for the enclosing. It is necessary for comfort that at least one half of the pen be covered; and for this reason make the posts for the sliding about one foot longer on one side than the other so as to give some slope to the roof. The roof ought to be elevated enough to allow a man to walk under it. If only one half of the pen is covered there must be a partition across, and in this arrange a slide-door so as to shut the hogs in or out of either section, and the pen is complete.

If hogs are wanted to fatten quickly they must be confined to close, clean quarters, and that is the design of this pen. It can be moved easily from one place to another, and thus be entirely free from accumulations of filth. By hitching a span of horses to either end of it, it can be readily moved anywhere with the hogs in it. In case one half is left unroofed, the hogs can be shut in the covered portion and kept there until the pen is moved; then open the slide-door, and they are in their new location.

### The Bath Tub.

The following sensible suggestions we clip from The New England Farmer. A while ago a mother said to me, "Children ought always to be dressed so they can respect their own clothes." I believe it, and hope you may learn to, too. Now, on a farm, a boy's clothes must be coarse to stand rough usage, suited to the business. Yet no boy (that is a respectable boy) wants to go to a lecture or kissing party, grange or club meeting in such a costume. There is an indecible satisfaction experienced inside a clean bosom shirt, with collar and necktie, polished boots, white handkerchief, well brushed hair and clean skin. And the boy who has been faithful in the multiplicity of duties that fall to his lot on a farm, well deserves such expense.

Will you arrange this pleasure for your son? First try the experiment of a bath room, small (to be quickly heated), easy of access to one of the cow yards, a tank of water all hot on the stove express for use as soon as the bath water is done, so your boy may take his good clothes into this room, and in a few minutes, direct himself all in clean and new clothes, and clean and clean.

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## A VERY FOOLISH TOAD.

The other day as I lay in my hammock I saw a huge toad blinking and blinking under the large leaf of a foliage plant. He looked contented and happy, and just as if he didn't care whether school kept or not. A blue-bird came buzzing around the flowers. That toad opened his eyes looked around deliberately winked one eye at me, and then to all appearances went to sleep again. He was not asleep, however, for the next moment, when the bee came a trifle nearer, he made a little spring, opened his countenance till I thought he would drop in two, there was a red flash—and the bee had disappeared.

I was just beginning to wonder where it had gone when I observed the toad began to look melancholy. I then noticed that his white vest was pulled out like an alderman's. In less than a minute he took to the water. He was the most lonesome-looking toad I ever saw. He seemed to reflect a minute, and then he got into an attitude in which the old prints represent Nebuchadnezzar when he was out to pasture. His big mouth was close to the ground, while his hind feet stood on tiptoe. He had swallowed something hot and was now going to get rid of it by reversing the process. After several violent efforts, during which his whole anatomy heaved with emotion, the troublesome Jonah was ejected and lay on the grass before him. The toad wasn't winking at me any more. Instead he was wearing looks of revengeful spite at the unfortunate author of all his troubles, which by this time presented a sorry appearance. Soon he cautiously approached, and with a lightning like movement, the bee again disappeared, this time to stay. For a moment the toad moved cautiously, as if to avoid stirring up again that burning fire beneath his vest, and then seeing that it was all right, hopped back with an elated air and went to sleep under the leaf.—*From the Ashland Gazette.*

### A Bitter Disappointment.

"A," said the leading American humorist to a well-dressed stranger whom he met at the Pesh house, down by the sea, "I think I have seen you before. You graduated at the Small university last June, didn't you?" "I did," replied the stranger, with the air of a man who would not lie about a little thing like that. "Yes," said the leading American humorist, "I thought I recognized you. I wrote the affair up for *The Slab*. And what are you doing now? Waiting on table?" The alumnus shook his head. "Driving an express wagon." "No," "Oh, I see; pitching for the Grounders?" "No; I have been appointed managing editor of *The Slab* and am down here attending the national convention of marble cutters. If you like I will give you an assignment that will help pay expenses." And the leading American humorist went out and lay down on the shingly beach and died hard. Mighty hard.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

### Getting at His Name.

A Chicago man used the telephone the other day in an odd way. A visitor whom he had met frequently in New York stepped into his office. It was business as well as inclination to be exceedingly cordial to the New Yorker, but for the life of him he could not recall his visitor's name. In the midst of the conversation the Chicago man was reminded of a telegram he had forgotten to send. Pulling out a blank he sent the following to his New York house:

"What's the name of Jenkins' head man? Can't recall it. He is here."

They chatted along for half an hour, when the answer came. It read: "Simpkins."

"And now, Mr. Simpkins, it is about time for lunch," remarked the Chicago man. "We'll go over to the club. I want you to meet some friends of mine there."

A Great Advantage.

"What's the good of a fishing club?" asked a traveling man of a friend. "It's all right to go fishing if you want to, but why can't you and a few of your friends go ahead and fish?"

"It's plain that you don't see the advantages of thorough organization. Now, when we go fishing we have a complete understanding under the constitution and by-laws."

"Ah!"

"Yes, and you can bet that when we get back from a trip every man of us tells exactly the same story."

### Not at Home.

An Englishman, who was tired of his life, determined to put an end to it. He summoned his valet.

"John, I am going to throw myself out of the window."

"Very good, sir."

"If any one calls you will tell him that I am not at home."

"Very good, sir."

The next minute there was a ring at the door. A friend looked in.

"Is the Lord X in?"

The servant looked to the window and said:

"He has just gone out, sir!"—*Le Don Quichotte.*

### A Crucial Test.

Ethel—Do you think he loves you, Nellie? Nellie—Oh, I'm certain of it. Why he wants to marry me so much that he has borrowed money of papa for as to get married on a thing his proud, sensitive soul could not brook if he did not love me.—*Chicago Journal.*

## STYLES IN BEARDS.

"I learned my trade forty years ago in Boston," said a leading barber to me yesterday as he trimmed my hair, "and it is surprising how long a fashion in hair or whiskers will last. Now a fashion in clothes doesn't generally last longer than ten years, but a fashion in the cutting and dressing of hair and whiskers will last twenty or thirty years. Take moustaches, for instance. They came in about twenty-five years ago, I can remember very well when a moustache was regarded as the badge of a fop, an idiot or a gambler. It was as much as a man's reputation was worth to let his hair grow on his upper lip. But now ministers and every-body else wear them, and I am afraid I will not live long enough to see the barbers, you see."

"Then there is the fashion of wearing the hair short. About the time that moustaches came in long hair went out. Before that everybody wore long hair, and had it curled, too. Yes, sir; I used to keep my curling iron around all the time, for it was just as common with men then as it is with women now to have their hair curled. The fashion of having the hair clipped very short, except on top, where it is left quite long is called the pompadour, and is only ten or twelve years old, though the clipper with which the work is done were invented three years earlier. The practice of brushing the hair by machinery run by steam started about twenty-five years ago, and was given up about ten years ago on account of the accident that occurred inflicting injury on the customers."—*Chicago Journal.*

### No Mothers in Fiction.

Here is an odd reflection from the *Atlantic Monthly*: "No mothers in fiction.—A sick youth was lying in bed, watching with quiet eyes his mother's form moving gently about the room where for weeks she had been ministering to him with tenderest heart and hands. There had been stiffness for a little while, when the boy spoke: 'I wonder why there are no mothers in fiction.' 'Why, there are, dear there must be,' the mother answered, quickly; but when she tried to name one she found that none came at the call. When she related to me the little incident, I, too, immediately said that our memory must be strangely at fault that it did not furnish us with examples in plenty. Maternal love? Why, it was filled with illustrations of it and so was literature. And yet on making search, I, too, have failed to find the typical mother where it seems she would be so easily found. I have no large acquaintance with the imaginative literature of any language but our own, and the fiction of other countries may afford examples in this kind of which I know nothing. But recalling the work of our own finest and best-known writers, their treatment of the subject appears both scant and slight. Calling the roll of them from Fielding and Scott to Hawthorne and Hardy, it strikes one as singular that they all omitted to delineate with any peculiar force and beauty a human type which suggests itself so naturally as full of opportunity for artistic representation."

### A Bewitching Wild Woman.

A Martin's Ferry, Ohio, special to the *Philadelphia Times* says: The people a few miles west of here are much exercised over the antics of a "wild woman," who has for several days been hiding about haystacks and hedges in that section. Hundreds of people have seen her and she is described as having regular features, dark hair, much grace of bearing and to be really beautiful, except for an insane glare in her eyes. Her clothing is scant but not uncouth, and altogether she is rather a picturesque sight.

She carries a revolver and has, once or twice, threatened venturous people with it. When disturbed she has the mien of a tiger. Presumably, she is an escaped lunatic, although no trace of her identity can be found. The country people regard her with superstitious awe and, so far, no efforts have been made to capture her. She lives on fruit, apparently, and seems content to sit for hours looking at the sky, so long as she is alone. There is talk of sending an officer out to arrest her.

MR. J. R. GRINSTEAD, Seneca, Ky., says: My children have sometimes had boils and other signs of blood impurities, with loss of appetite, etc., at which times I have found Swift's Specific a most successful remedy, in no instance failing to effect a speedy and permanent cure.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is a great blessing to humanity," says Mr. P. E. Gordon, of 725 Broad street, Nashville, Tenn., "for it cured me of rheumatism of a very bad type, with which I had been troubled for three or four years. S. S. S. cured me after I had exhausted everything else."

MR. RUSSELL MYRICK, of the firm of Myrick & Henderson, Fort Smith, Ark., says he wishes to add his testimony to the thousands which have already been given as to Swift's Specific. He says he derived the most signal benefit from its use to cure painful boils and sores resulting from impure blood.

WHEN taken for a few days, potash mixtures impair the digestion, take away the appetite, and dry up the gastric juices which should assist in digesting and assimilating the food. Swift's Specific has just the opposite effect; it improves digestion, brings appetite, and builds up the general health.

"Our dear sister," said the Nebraska pastor, "has gone to a better land—that is, if there be any better land than can be found right here in the Missouri bottom."

## A PRETTY GIRL'S PLUCK.

TRUMBULL, CON., Aug. 17.—Two nights ago Mary Lynch, a pretty girl, who lives in the family of Almond E. Plumb, heard an unusual noise in the back yard. It was late and the farmer had retired for the night.

Mary turned down the lamp and stole softly out of the back door. She walked toward the chicken house, whence came the noise, and found the door partly open. There was sufficient light for her to see a tall man inside, and he was busy taking down the pump handle from their high perch and throwing them away in a meal bag that he did not notice Mary's approach. She did not scream, but after she had put her arms around the thief and held him in a grip like a vise she hollered loud enough to be heard a mile.

Mr. Plumb came to the rescue, as soon as he could collect himself and put his trousers on, and Mary turned over her prisoner to the owner of the hens. His grip was not like that of the muscular Mary, however, and by a few muscular twists and turns the thief managed to escape.

### Five Girls Ail in Red.

There are some hundreds, more or less, of smart young men in town who are impressed with the idea that there is nothing that the hard work and obliging young ladies at the telephone exchange like so well as flirting with idiots at the other end of the wire. The crushing rebukes at times administered to the conceited simpletons is as the flame of the candle to the moth and they only live to tempt fate again. Some time ago there was one of those nice boys who worked in a fruit store across the street from the telephone exchange. He conceived a kind of long distance infatuation for the young lady who answered the phone in the store and poured a stream of silly nothings into her unwilling ear at every opportunity. Finally she resolved to teach him a lesson. One day the young man was talking to the operator, and expressed a violent desire to see her. With much assumed coyness she at length told him she would grant his request. She said if he would gaze at a certain window of the exchange at the hour of high noon she would appear. He would recognize her from the fact that she wore a red dress. The appointed time came and the smitten youth planted himself in front of the store and gazed with all his eyes and soul at the window of the telephone exchange. Horror! Instead of one there were five girls in red dresses smiling down upon him. It was reported on good authority that the girl who put up the job was not one of the five.

### Bound to Know How it Worked.

A man created a sensation on a Delaware ferry boat yesterday by reaching under the seats of the cabin, taking out one of the hundreds of life preservers there and proceeding with the utmost deliberation to put it on.

"What's the matter?" asked one excited man. "Is the boat sinking?" Dozens looked around, saw the man make preparations to save himself and were thrown into a fever of excitement. There had been no alarm, so they then cooled off again and began to think the man insane. But he was perfectly cool and apparently sane enough. He went right on without the slightest attention to anybody's questions or excitement to fasten the life preserver on. When he got it on he looked at it, seemed satisfied with his survey of himself and then just as deliberately took it off, put it in its former place and sat down again. He had made everybody around perspire, though he looked as cool as a cucumber.

An old honest-looking gentleman who happened to be sitting near, gave him a quizzical look which provoked him to say: "You think I am a fool? Well, I had never put on a life preserver until that minute and never knew how. Every time I boarded a boat I felt ashamed of my ignorance, which might some day cost me my life. I just made up my mind to try one. There is a stock of life preservers. I'll bet my hat here he began to increase his tone until the whole cabin could hear that not five in the fifty knew how to put one on." He ceased and looked around. No one took him up. He resumed reading his paper.

### An Awful Break.

Duddeley—Aw, I heah that Chawley Littlecens was aw, expelled from the Knickerbocker club.

Braveless—Yes. One of our members, donchknow, went aw, into the club room and found aw, the fellow thinking!

Duddeley—Bah Jove! what a break.—*Nashville American.*

### Lost Forever.

Razlie—What's the matter? You look sad.

Dazlie—I lost a suit of clothes this morning.

Razlie—How so?

Dazlie—Hung it up in my wife's wardrobe.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

### Hard to be Careful.

Housewife—Why, Uncle Ruf, you are scattering your whitewash all over my furniture and carpet!

Why can't you be more careful?

"Uncle Ruf—Well, missus, I am keafal; but you see I'm using slack lime.—*Lowell Citizen.*

### One Way.

"I wish the night would hurry up, we can send off our fireworks," said Johnny. "Well, let's go out door and play." Said Willie, "I always make the dark come quick enough."—*Chicago Tribune.*

## A FATAL PRESCRIPTION.

THE MISTAKE OF A PHYSICIAN CAUSES THE DEATH OF HIS PATIENT.

A Montreal special to the *Philadelphia Press* says that Dr. Jeannotte, a prominent physician there, by a mistake in writing a prescription has been the indirect cause of a child's death, while another lies at death's door, poisoned by partaking of the same medicine. The unfortunate parents are half crazed with grief, and Dr. Jeannotte will probably have to fight a big legal battle if he escapes criminal prosecution.

Being particularly skilled in children's diseases, the doctor was called in a few days ago to attend a child of Mrs. Conillard, who was suffering with whooping cough. He prescribed for the sufferer. He intended to order bisulphate of quinine in the form of quarter grain powders, but by mistake he wrote morphine instead of quinine. The prescription was taken to a druggist and handed to the clerk in charge. He was surprised to see bisulphate of morphine, their being no such preparation, and thinking the error was in the word bisulphate he dispensed with the prescription, using sulphate of morphine. A quarter of a grain of morphine is not a very large dose for an adult, but it is death to a child, and the little one never awoke after the second dose.

The parents were even then unaware of the fatal nature of the medicine and gave some to another sick child. This child grew rapidly worse and the medicine was then blamed. The doctor was then sent for, but he claimed the medicine was all right, and was only convinced to the contrary when confronted with the fatal prescription. Then he acknowledged his mistake, but laid the whole blame on the druggist for compounding medicine which he knew must be wrong. When Mr. Conillard was made aware of the terrible loss he had sustained through the mistake of the man he had called in to save his children, his rage was unbounded, and it is alleged that it was with the greatest difficulty he was prevented from having summary revenge on the physician. A triangular battle in the courts will likely follow between Conillard, the doctor and the druggist, the druggist blaming the doctor, the doctor the druggist, and the real sufferer, the bereaved father, blaming both.

### Myths of the Origin of Women.

Woman's first appearance has been a fruitful subject for the legend-mongers. The Phoenician myth of creation is found in the story of Pygmalion and Galatea. There the first woman was carved by the first man out of ivory and then endowed with life by Aphrodite. The Greek theory of the creation of women, according to Hesiod, was that Zeus, as a cruel jest, ordered Vulcan to make women out of clay, and then induce the various gods and goddesses to invest the clay doll with all their worst qualities, the result being a lovely thing, with a witchery of mind, refined craft, eager passion, love of dress, treacherous manners, and shameless mind. The Scandinavians say that as Odio, Vill and Ve, the three sons of Bor, were walking along the sea beach they found two sticks of wood, one of ash and one of elm. Sitting down the gods shaped man and the woman out of these sticks, whittling the woman from the elm and calling her Emlia. One of the strange stories touching the origin of women is told by the Madagascarenes. In so far as the creation of man goes, the legend is not unlike that related by Moses, only that the fall came before Eve arrived. After the man and eaten the forbidden fruit he became affected with a boil on the leg, out of which, when it burst, came a beautiful girl. The man's first thought was to throw her to the pigs, but he was commanded by a messenger from Heaven to let her play among the diggings until she was of marriageable age, then to make her his wife. He did so, called her Babour, and she became the mother of all races of men. The American Indians' myths relative to Adam and Eve are numerous and entertaining. Some traditions trace back our first parents to white and red maize; another is that man, searching for a wife, was given the daughter of the king of the muskrats, who, on being dipped into the waters of a neighboring lake, became a woman.—*London Tablet.*

### Rheumatism.

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectively cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony of cure.

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatism, being able to walk only with great difficulty, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have been free of the disease."—*Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 101 West 124th st., New York.*

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very weak, and with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—*Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.*

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price, 25 cents a bottle, 50 cents a bottle.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

"Castoria is well adapted to children that are afflicted with Colic, Constipation, Worms, Stomach, Diarrhea, Eruptions, and all the ailments of Infants and Children. It is a safe and pleasant medicine, and is sold everywhere."—*The Castoria Company, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.*

# PIEDMONT AIR LINE ROUTE.

## RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. R. CO. CONDENSED SCHEDULE

In effect Sept. 4, 1887. Trains run by 75th Meridian Time.

THBOUND.	No. 35, Daily.	No. 36, Daily.	No. 54, Daily.	No. 55, Daily.
Leave Washington	8:30 a	11:24 a	5:30 p	11:00 p
" Alexandria	8:55	11:49	5:55	11:25
" Manassas	9:51	12:35 p	7:03	12:15 a
" Warrenton Junction	10:23	1:01	7:35	12:42
" Orange	11:41	2:19	8:51	1:45
" Charlottesville	1:10 p	3:35	10:30	3:00
Arrive Lynchburg	3:25	5:45	1:00 a	5:15
" Franklin Junction		7:25		6:45
" Danville		7:50		7:45
" Asheville				8:08 p
" Hot Springs				7:05
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